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New York is proudly exhibiting a mummy 4,000 years old because it came from Egypt, but, strangely enough, it shows little veneration for its prehistoric horse-cars.—Chicago Daily News.

# SPORTS

## THE BASEBALL MEN AT THE VOLCANO

MRS. FISHER'S TEAM HAD INTERESTING EXPERIENCES AT KILAUEA—DESCRIPTION OF WHAT THEY SAW AT THE VOLCANO, BY THE SPORTING EDITOR OF THE SAN FRANCISCO BULLETIN—MADAME PELE WAS AWAKE.

S. F. BULLETIN.—A story of the travels of Mrs. Fisher's team would be most incomplete if their visit to the "world's great living volcano," Kilauea, were left unmentioned. It was one time when baseball instead of being the foremost was the remotest thought in the minds of the players. The sight that they saw on Kilauea will abide in their mind's eye if they live to play the national game fifty years. To see another earth belching lurid flames and molten lava is a spectacle that only a few are privileged to witness, and this was the sight that doubly repaid the long train journey for their visit to the island of Hawaii. After playing a game at Hilo, which is the chief town of the island, the players set out for the volcano. The train carried them to a point about ten miles from the summit. At the end of the railroad two stage coaches specially chartered were on hand to convey them to the "volcano house," which is on the apex of Kilauea, but three miles from the crater where the flames leap from a bottomless furnace. The journey to the top of the mountain was not entirely devoid of interest. Just out of Hilo are enormous sugarcane plantations, and a little farther on the players saw coffee growing for the first time, and as the players approached the summit sandal and koa trees were pointed out by the stage driver. Koa is classed as Hawaiian mahogany, and it makes beautiful furniture. Before the players returned to Hilo they visited a koa saw-mill, and there saw the wood put in shape for export. Having three sights before the mall the time the four hours which it took to ascend Kilauea passed like a minute.

The Volcano House, which is the only hotel on the mountain, and by the way, well conducted by a Greek with the classical name of Demosthenes, commands a sweeping view. To the west Mauna Loa (12,675 feet high) and to the north, Mauna Kea (13,825 feet), two of the highest mountains on the islands, loom up, while way to the south the sparkling waters of the Pacific are plainly visible on clear days. Before the players had changed their clothes for roughing it out, the Greek, reminded one and all that the party had played in wonderful luck. First of all the volcano was active. We arrived at the top on December 9, which was on Monday. Up to the previous Friday Madame Pele, the goddess of fire, whom the simple minded natives will reverently tell you dwells in the blazing furnace, had been slumbering for several weeks. Even with Pele sleeping the sights seen on Kilauea almost defy description, but with Pele full of ginger, to use the vernacular of the diamond, the sight is entrancing. In the second place there were no rain clouds to obscure our view, though storms were daily expected. In and about Hilo it rains as it rains nowhere else on the face of the globe, a ten-inch rainfall being no uncommon thing in twenty-four hours.

Before luncheon the players visited the sulphur beds, which are on the brink of the enormous crater and within a few rods of the Volcano House. Almost pure sulphur was found in large deposits, and in many places sulphur vapors escaped through the fissures of the rocks. In some localities the vapors were too warm to hold your hand in them any length of time. "Doc" Frost, Dashwood and Hildebrand carried back to the hotel beautiful sulphur crystals, which were added to their collection of souvenirs. After the midday meal the guide, an Indian, who has piloted tourists through this volcanic region for twenty years, announced that the first journey would be to Kilauea-iki (small Kilauea). This crater is about a mile from the Volcano House and adjoins Kilauea proper. It has been extinct since 1887, when an eruption occurred from its west side and filled it half full. Kilauea-iki now has a depth of 800 feet, so you can fancy what a vast pit it was before the lava poured into it. Though the sides of this crater are nearly perpendicular, tourists accustomed to mountain climbing have lowered themselves by clinging to rocks and roofs of shrubbery to the bottom. At the very bottom some daring tourist has planted a flag, which is barely visible from the top. Bill Burns and Dashwood proposed that the club descend to the bottom, but when the guide mentioned it meant a day's work there was a general strike. Before returning to the hotel the players bunched up on the brink and "Bill" Heltmuller snapped a picture. On the way

back the guide pointed out cracks in the lava flows produced by earthquake disturbances which were so deep that dogs and calves had fallen into them and been lost. It was noticed that the players took pains to make no mistake when crossing one of these crevices, the bottoms of which are still unexplored.

Upon returning to Volcano House the guide announced that the boys could rest an hour before setting out for Halemaumau ("the house of everlasting fire"). Halemaumau is a crater of Kilauea, and as the name suggests, it is out of this pit that real live fire comes. Now the crater of Kilauea covers an area of 2500 acres in round numbers, and it has a circumference of nearly eight miles. Its sides are steep, but not so much so that about half of the players could descend to the bottom on sure-footed horses. Manager Fisher, his wife, Bill Burns, Jack Elias Dashwood and Bill Heltmuller thought the tramp too strenuous, as the greater part of the journey was over a fresh flow of lava (1894), and lives horses. The rest, headed by Jimmy Britt and the guide, set out on foot. Before the party had fairly commenced to descend to the bottom of the great crater Devereaux turned an ankle going over a rough piece of ground. The Red Dog was keen on hiking to the volcano proper, but after several attempts at walking Bill Burns surrendered his pony to him and Brick traveled the rest of the way in ease. Crossing the great lava-bed was no snap, and in a measure it was like walking over a bed of coke. The players who neglected to provide themselves with old shoes soon found that their footgear were faring badly.

The first halt on the narrow trail was called at the Turkish Bath. What a paying institution this would be if located in San Francisco. Here, in the midst of this sea of lava, we found a cave which extended under the surface say a hundred feet and full of hot steam. In their haste to beat the rest of the party to Halemaumau Britt and Hildebrand missed this sight, for both walked faster than the guide. The hottest compartment of a Turkish bath had nothing on this underground oven. It hardly seemed a minute before the players were mopping steam and perspiration from their heads and the cool air of the mountain top was very refreshing when they returned to the sunlight.

The players stopped long enough at the "Devil's Picture Frame" to have another picture snapped. This was a freakish fault in the lava which reminded one of a picture frame; hence the name. Then on to the ovens, which were but a short distance from the main points of interest. The ovens consisted of cracks about six inches wide in the lava, out of which heat of very high temperature escaped. Friends and relatives of the players living in different parts of the United States were sent postal cards scorched in these crevices. If a postal were held in an "oven" longer than a few minutes it would ignite and be valueless for mailing purposes; but the guide blackened most of them, so few were destroyed. The guide informed us that it was quite an easy matter to cook coffee, eggs and other light refreshments in these hot places; but the Greek at the hotel thoughtlessly neglected to supply the players with provisions, so no meal could be served.

When the guide remarked, "Our next stop will be at Halemaumau, which is just over that ridge and which is about 300 yards distant," even Silent Bill Burns, who appeared to evince less interest in the wonderful sights than the others, sat up and took notice. Those on horseback were obliged to dismount and tie their horses in a corral built out of lava "bricks." In a few minutes more one and all were standing on the brink of Halemaumau and witnessing one of the greatest sights of their lives. Halemaumau, strictly speaking, is a lava pit of the shape of a hopper. It has a somewhat irregular outline, but an average distance across the top is about 200 yards, and its depth is between seven and eight hundred feet. At the very bottom of the pit and to one side there we saw mother earth vomit real fire. From where we stood one would casually estimate that it was ten feet across the "furnace door," but our guide assured us that it was four times this distance, and it might have been more than this, for you must remember that we were between

seven and eight hundred feet in the air. The sun was just setting as we arrived, so the flames showed to excellent advantage and lit up pretty much half of the pit. We were told that Madame Pele became so troublesome at times that she covered the bottom of Halemaumau with molten lava, and when she did the heat was too intense to approach the mouth of the crater, as we did. A cliff of lava extended out and over the very mouth of the fire pit. This cliff was almost opposite the point from which we approached the crater, and our guide said if we would obey instructions he would take us out on it so we might look straight into the bowels of the earth, so to speak. The guide reminded us that the cliff was narrow and that we must go out in bunches of three, for it was not the safest spot on the mountain. Every one was ready to take the chance. Captain Devereaux headed the first two and he was so entranced by the sight below that he laid down on his stomach and feasted his eyes until the whole club had traveled the cliff. The Red Dog would have clung to the spot all night, so fascinated was he. If the other players would have remained. Even at our high elevation we could hear the volcano, or Madame Pele, as the natives would call it, growl as she disgorged a volume of red-hot lava. It was a sight the players will retain in their memories if they live a century, and it beggars description. The feeling that came over one as he stood glaring into this den of flames cannot be told in words. The players picked their way over the black lava bed and through the darkness back to the Volcano House, feeling that they had been bountifully repaid for their trip of 2500 miles. Kilauea and its "house of everlasting fire" has been placed among the nine greatest sights of the world. This honor it merits beyond all question.

After a night's rest in that brick mountain atmosphere, which corresponds to that which envelops Mt. Shasta, the players were ready for a trip to the tree moulds and Koa groves. To the west of Kilauea there was a lava flow from Mauna Loa, probably years ago, and it passed through a dense forest. In crossing this flow we could plainly see the upright moulds of the trees. Evidently the lava surrounded the trees, burned the wood slowly, and left the perfect mould as a landmark of its devastation. We found some moulds five and six feet in diameter. To one side of the lava flow we were shown huge koa trees, immense tree ferns and some sandal wood. Koa wood is valuable for making furniture, and we were shown one tree which had just fallen that was valued at \$5000. From the root of this tree was cut a chunk out of which Dashwood will have a souvenir but carved. It is a very heavy wood and if there is enough left the Dasher will present truck Eagan with a big stick, for there is no other player in the Coast League that is strong enough to swing a big stick cut from Koa. On the following day the players packed their grips and returned to Hilo where the fans were waiting anxiously to witness their farewell game. The Coast Leaguers treated them to a ten-inning 4-0 contest. Williams and Devereaux and Bliss and both batters were at their best. The Old Red Dog never pitched better, and the same can be said of Williams. In the eleventh inning Joe Nealon's home-run, with two men on bases, won the game for Fisher's stars. The next day, Friday, the players bade goodbye to Hawaii and sailed for Honolulu. Hilo has a white population of about 500, that's all, but every mother's son, to

gether with a sprinkling of natives Chinese, Japanese and Portuguese attended these two games. The sea was a great deal rougher returning than going to Hawaii and a majority of the players were sick, but what cared they—they had seen Halemaumau, and seen it active.

The players, one and all, came back with a wholesome respect for the pitching ability of Reuter, the dusky Hawaiian, who won the only game from them which they lost on the trip. Reuter was by on control when the series opened and this was due to lack of work. He left his job as motorman on a street car to pitch, but after he had worked a few games there was marked improvement. He walked fewer batters and he had a sidearm ball that was very effective. It was a hard ball to get hold of and the players generally popped it in the air. In the farewell game Reuter pitched grand ball after the first inning. It rained at the beginning and the ball was hard to handle, but when it cleared up Reuter held the batters spellbound.

## SPORT NOTES

A number of people have requested that the Masquerade baseball carnival be repeated on Washington birthday in connection with the floral parade. Nearly every member who took part on New Year's day is willing to take part again for the benefit of the yacht fund or some other charity, but are not willing to take part simply as a side show for the floral parade. The Promotion Committee have been working hard to secure the players again, but unless some thing is done at once the performance will not be repeated. Wm. McInerney stated this morning "that he hoped that another game could be ar-

**ADMIRAL FOURICHON ARRIVES.**  
French R. E. Admiral Fourichon arrived yesterday from Yokohama with 1500 tons of freight and 35 Japanese immigrants. She enjoyed good weather all the way.

**CAWDORE SAILS FOR ASTORIA.**  
This afternoon the British steamship Baron Cawdor, Captain Coudrey, sailed for Astoria. She arrived in port from Newport News on December 24 with 5,500 tons of coal for the Navy.

Arranged for Washington's Birthday afternoon at the baseball grounds for the yacht fund, but it is very doubtful if the fun makers will agree to march in the floral parade.

Every member of the Riverside Junior Baseball League is requested to be on hand without fail tomorrow night at 7:30 in Sweet Violet Hall. Some important matters will come up at the meeting, in addition to the regular routine business of the league.

The soccer players of Punahou are fast getting into shape for the first game which they play with their rivals the Kama in about two weeks. Captain Charles Davis is playing his men every afternoon, and with the aid of Coaches Reed and Arnold are rounding them in form, and also doing some hard work at practice these days, and they are confident that they will be able to take the college boys into camp the first game. The Kama will have a much heavier team than the Puns this year and they also have a much larger team to pick from. However the lovers of Soccer will have a chance to see some good games between these two teams before the season is over.

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